

AVERAGE CIRCULATION
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300,000
PER DAY.

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION.

AGENT BRITTON A PLUNGER.

Bookmaker Irving Sues Him for Alleged Betting Debts.

Britton Says He Lost \$100,000 on the Races, but Is No "Welcher."

Robert G. Irving, the well-known bookmaker at race tracks, accuses Joseph A. Britton of being a "welcher" and has sued him for debts incurred as a loser on the races. Britton is the Chief Agent of the Society for the Enforcement of the Criminal Law. Mr. Irving says that while Britton was at the Morris Park track last summer engaged in suppressing the evil of pool-selling he bet on the races at his (Irving's) box, and lost heavily, doing all his betting on credit, and that he now repudiates the indebtedness thus incurred.

The suit is for recovery on a note for \$365, dated Feb. 25, and due three months after date.

Attorney Leroy B. Crane brought the suit. The note was one of three given by Britton to Irving, in exchange for several checks for small amounts, aggregating \$1,055.

Mr. Irving alleges that Britton approached him at the track last summer and said he wanted to bet, but had no money with him. If Irving would take his commissions he might pay him at the close of the races if he was a winner, and if he was a loser he would give Irving his check for the amount of his losses. This is a common practice with the bookmakers. Dwyers and other wealthy sports. Britton was reputed to be wealthy, and had been a famous plunger for years; so Irving accepted the proposition, and as the result, at the close of the season, the bookmaker had several small checks that he had not presented for payment.

Britton, he says, gave him a check for the aggregate amount of the smaller checks, and received the latter back. The check was drawn on the bank of New Amsterdam, and dishonored when presented for payment.

Then, says Irving, Britton gave him notes, as stated. The one for \$365 was not paid when due, and was presented by Lawyer Crane to Britton at the Vendome Hotel. Mr. Britton said: "Wait a few days. This is a debt of honor, and I will pay it. I expect to have \$100,000 in a lump in a few days, and then I'll pay you."

The money failed to materialize and suit was begun May 25.

Lawyer Crane says it is not a debt of honor. The Ives pool bill legalizes betting at the race tracks, and the indebtedness is therefore legal. Besides, Britton gave the notes, not for betting debt, but in exchange for his checks, and therefore for a valid consideration.

Irving says he would pocket the loss if Britton had no money, but he believes he has \$80,000 worth of race paintings, picked up during his connection with Anthony Comstock, and considerable real estate besides.

While Britton has been active in raiding gambling halls, disorderly houses and other resorts, Mr. Irving says he has been a desperate follower of the races and should not be a "welcher."

Joseph A. Britton is the proprietor of the historical Vendome Hotel, and lives in a fine brown-stone residence at 136 East Forty-seventh street. He received an EVENING WORLD reporter in his library to-day.

The library contains in addition to books, three oil paintings and first editions. There is a Milton with the original Venetian engravings, worth \$100; and there is a host of other rare books.

On the walls are magnificent paintings. There is John Philip's "The Grandfather," worth \$1,700; "The Leading Monk," and the like, and in the parlor is a cabinet containing Louis XIV's looking box, Empress Josephine's golden egg cup, and other priceless treasures. There is one of the only two "Vedettes" in existence, a magnificent Titian, "Virtue Conquering Vice," in purest marble, and the like.

For an hour the blonde-mustached, mild-eyed Mr. Britton talked to the reporter.

Looking about him broadly, he said: "There is more than \$85,000 worth of furniture, curios, bric-a-brac, antiques, statuary and works of art in this house. My Vendome Hotel is worth \$40,000. I rely on Irving to pay me a solitary item—yet I deny that I am a 'welcher.'"

"It is a mistake to suppose that I am a real estate owner. No member of my family ever owned a foot of ground. I am a poor young man, and I have earned every dollar I ever had."

"It is true that I am a plunger. Strongly, and I am, it has been the curse of my existence. A weak-minded man is to be pitied, but I am cursed with a mania for betting. I am not a 'welcher,' and I am not going to 'sneak.'"

"I was not at the track last summer to 'suppress this very evil of betting.' It was no evil then. The Ives pool bill was in force, and betting at the track was legalized. So that proposition is absurd."

At this point Mr. Britton opened a drawer and produced a big bundle of those familiar engraved cards that indicate the odds, the amount bet and the horse on which the wager was laid.

There were just fifty tickets from Robert G. Irving's box in this bundle. They recorded bets of from \$5 to \$100 each, at all sorts of odds, and across the corner of each was written "Lose." Each bore the name "J. A. Britton."

"Now see if these tickets indicate a 'welcher,'" said Mr. Britton. "They show a total of losses, on Sept. 24, 1890, of \$2,500. Like most race track maniacs, I have lost heavily. I have lost \$100,000 on the races I suppose. Like most losers I resolved to make one more, one last plunge, in a final effort to recover my heavy losses."

"I had money in bank. I played and I lost. From day to day I gave my checks, until finally I gave a check for \$1,000 more than I had in bank. All the rest were paid."

"Then I got Irving's check and told him how it was and gave him a check dated two weeks in advance. When the date arrived I could not pay, so I gave him two smaller checks in exchange for the big one, and he cashed one of them, handing the other."

"When the second check fell due, it was met. Then, like a drowning man I clutched

at a straw and plunged in again, and that is how I got into this scrape.

"I gave them notes payable at the Ives, in three, six and nine months. I have checks of mine that passed through the bank with Irving's endorsements for tens of thousands of dollars in the past two years, and I'll make it very warm for him before I'm through."

"I shall beat the Ives pool bill, too. It is unconstitutional. No law can make it a felony to pick pockets in West Fourteenth street, and legalize pocket-picking in East Fourteenth street, but that is substantially what the Ives pool law pretends to do."

"It is insinuated that I accumulated these works of art and the like from seizures made in my capacity as an agent for the Comstock Society. That is maliciously false. I am widely known as a connoisseur. I buy and sell art works, and have been very successful."

"I am insinuated that I am a blackmailer, and that I said I would have \$10,000 in a lump. I wouldn't be loose in the streets of New York if that were so. The police hate me. The law-breakers hate me. When in May, 1890, I became chief agent for the Society for Enforcing the Criminal Law, enemies were stationed at the door of my house, and they distributed bunches of tickets to other baths to my customers. They called me a blackmailer. They were sent by the police, and they ran my business down from \$75 a day to \$6 a day. They almost ruined my business."

"Now, if I were a 'welcher,' Bob Irving would never have cashed my checks for so many thousands. It is simply a case of a race-track maniac gone 'broke.'"

"Everything in my house belongs to Mrs. Britton. I own nothing. I have made a good living out of my judgment in art, and you look about you with discriminating eyes that will attest that I have some judgment in art."

"I am not a hypocrite. I am not active in the society of which Robert A. Young is President. From religious motives, but as a good citizen, my business is something else. I never told Irving I had \$100,000 in a lump."

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THE EVENING WORLD.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1891.

JOE JEFFERSON, JR., MARRIED

Wedded to Actress Beatrice Bender in Brooklyn This Morning.

Rip Van Winkle and the Other Jeffersons Presents.

Joseph Warren Jefferson, son of Joseph Jefferson, the well-known actor, was married at 8 o'clock this morning to Miss Beatrice Bender, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bender.

The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents, 100 Union street, Brooklyn, and one-half hour later the newly married couple left the house to go aboard the steamer Euteria, which sailed for Europe at 10 o'clock.

Before going they purchased \$90 worth of black kid gloves in which to encase their Aldermanic hands during the ceremony.

Harry Brothers, of Broadway, furnished the gown and accessories for the bride, and the Aldermen present resolutions adding the claim on several different occasions. The resolutions were voted by Mayor Hewitt, who said that he attended the funeral and didn't ask the city to pay for his gloves.

Harry Brothers have now brought out several individual resolutions of the Aldermen. The resolutions are as follows: George B. Foster, Daniel C. Dawson, Edmund J. Barry, William Clancy, James F. Butler, Alfred R. Conning, James A. Cowie, James M. Fitzsimons, Henry Guenther, Cyrus G. Hubbell, James J. McMurphy, John J. Martin, James J. Mooney, John Murray, Joseph Murray, William P. Rockefeller, Walton Storm, Edward J. Sullivan, William T. Hart, Henry Von Menden and William of the Aldermen are dead and two, Messrs. Clancy and Tait, are members of the present Board.

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SUED HIM IN HIS OWN COURT.

Pay Demanded for Judge Fitzsimon's Gloves at Dorsheimer's Funeral.

Stephen B. French Controls the Fifth's Republican Primary.

City Court Judge James M. Fitzsimons has been sued in his own court for a debt alleged to have been contracted by the members of the Board of Aldermen, March 31, 1888.

That date was that of the funeral of ex-Lieut. Gen. William Dorsheimer, and the Aldermen attended the services at Grace Church in a body.

Before going they purchased \$90 worth of black kid gloves in which to encase their Aldermanic hands during the ceremony.

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LITTLE PATSY'S SAD FATE.

The Pride of the Hook Drowned Off Jackson Street Dock.

His Only Thought During His Struggle for Life Was His Mother's Anguish.

Little Patsy Connelly, the pride of the Hook, the handsome handsome player, the cunning boy whose teachings only once the girls love him the more, the brave lad whose last thought was the anguish his fate would cause his mother, lies dead at home, and there is grief in the seventh ward.

Patsy was drowned yesterday off the Jackson street dock in the sixth ward, who watched his brave struggles and the heroic efforts of his would-be rescuers.

Patsy lived with his mother, younger sister and two brothers at 628 Water street. He was thirteen years old and was in the fifth grade of school No. 24, in Broome street. He was a good scholar, when he wanted to be, but he was an awful torment, and he did not like to be cooped up in the school-room on warm days. He would rather gather a crowd about him on the dock and play his harmonica.

It was too warm to go to school yesterday, Patsy thought, and when his mother insisted Patsy took his books and started. But he did not go to school. He went down on the Jackson street dock and soon was surrounded by a crowd of boys for whom he played merry tunes.